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THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

BY GEORGE LEE.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH LITTLE PROGRESS IS MADE.

THE fugitives from Troy, we are told, founded a second Ilium, and in their little town fondly endeavored to reproduce the loved features of the original. They even adopted a thirsty stream and called it Xanthus; and, while the unconscious rivulet babbled merrily along in its narrow channel, they paced sadly to and fro upon its banks, and sighed and sang, and wept and prayed, and built new altars and lit new fires thereon in honor of their gods. In the streets and halls of the mimic city their lives went on much as before the perfidious Greeks reduced their ancestral homes to ashes. They ate and drank, and made love and married and had children; they planted and watered and harvested; they bartered and got gain; they quarreled, worshipped, and died—all in the good old Trojan fashion.

So that forlorn little band of wanderers who, many centuries later, sought an asylum in the wilderness, brought with them the names, the customs, and the associations of the land they loved

in spite of her intolerance. They abandoned England old, only to found an England New, which they endeavored to make in the image of the mother country—differing in a few particulars obnoxious to their Puritan consciences. Thus it came to pass, that throughout the section originally occupied by the Pilgrim Fathers and their immediate descendants, are innumerable villages and towns bearing good old English names. They are pleasant places, often nestled cozily at the foot of a rugged hill, sometimes beside a river or creek, whose waters are seldom suffered to escape from the vicinity until they have done their share of useful work. It is generally understood that the inhabitants of these thrifty villages know a thing or two, and by the combined force of brain-power, water-power, and steam-power, contrive to keep the crank of industry moving pretty briskly, and to grind out in the course of the year enough to eat. They are believed to be shrewd financiers also, and to have an especial aptness for converting the produce of their soil, their looms, their shops, and, in short, of their industry in all its manifold departments, into currency.

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THE SCOTS IN IRELAND.

BY PROFESSOR WM. M. BLACKBURN, D. D.

WE propose, in a few papers, to notice some of the migrations of Scots into Ireland, and thus trace the origin of the *Scotch-Irish*—so-called in our country, where they form a large element of the population; also to show how the Presbyterian type of reform was more readily introduced into that island, and more effectively established.

There is a legend of the olden time, that certain Scottish refugees, driven from the Hebrides, settled in the center of Ireland, where they prospered exceedingly, until they became so intolerably wicked that the land gave way, and they sunk out of all sight. Thus was formed Lough Eme, which Camden called "the greatest and most famous lake in this kingdom." The Scotch-Irish may rest comfortably assured that they are not the descendants of these sunken adventurers.

The migrations and settlements in which the origin of the Scotch-Irish may be found, seem to date back into the thirteenth or fourteenth century. They continued until Scotland ceased to be persecuted by the English Court and Church. The immigrants came in different bands, and with various motives—adventure, free life, and lawlessness, fortune, work and wages, refuge from persecutors, Protestant liberty, and the missionary spirit. They were not all saints—certainly not the earliest of them. Rough, stalwart, independent, fearless, and irrepressible, the first bands did not seek, nor promote, a very high and classic civilization. Indeed, culture was thought to be quite adverse to their free sort of life, if it was thought of at all. Nor did the boisterous, brave, generous Irish hold a very refining influence over their intrusive neighbors, some of whom boast-

ed as loudly of their Celtic blood, and claimed that they were only getting back into the land of their fathers.

Both Scots and Irish had in them good material, raw as it was, for a new people, when a true Christianity should unite and purify them. The canny Scot had never been surpassed in forethought, acuteness, self-command, persistency, and a due estimate of his rights. The wild, wifful Irishman, offending at a fair and forgiving at the next feast, sinning till noon and repenting at sunset, praying to the dead in heaven and holding wake over the dead on earth, impertinent to friend and hospitable to foe, ready with the first greeting and intent on the last word, most vivacious when the world was dullest, had in his emotional nature a rich ore worthy of the mining and minting processes of education. Educe and refine it, and it would shine as the coin of conversation, sympathy, song, and eloquence. If a cool Scot were a castaway upon some distant isle, with only one stranger to break the silence, let that stranger be an Irishman, and the solitary place would be glad, although it might not bud and blossom abundantly. For, as Macaulay writes, "The Irish were distinguished by qualities which tend to make men interesting rather than prosperous. They were an ardent and impetuous race, easily moved to tears or to laughter, to fury or to love." The same historian, treating of the sixteenth century, adds, that "in mental cultivation, Scotland had an indisputable superiority. Though that kingdom was then the poorest in Christendom, it already vied in every branch of learning with the most favored countries. Scotsmen, whose dwellings and whose food were as wretched as those

of the Icelanders of our time, wrote Latin verse with more than the delicacy of Vida, and made discoveries in science which would have added to the renown of Galileo. Ireland could boast of no Buchanan or Napier. The genius with which her aboriginal inhabitants were largely endowed, showed itself, as yet, only in ballads, which, wild and rugged as they were, seemed to the judging eye of Spencer to contain a portion of the pure gold of poetry."

Families and clans of these two vigorous peoples were to meet on the same soil, rob and quarrel and fight each other, or make friendly league against a third enemy—hating and loving with equal ease, bartering and mingling not always in strictest observance of the ten commandments; and thus they were to wed and weld together, and form a new people, whose descendants have taken high rank among the honest pioneers, the Christian heroes, the solid educators, and the staunch patriots of the Western World.

Even the Saxon Scot, who received no Irish blood in his veins, drew into his heart enough of the geniality, which gives a tone to the very climate of the Emerald Isle, to make him a genuine Scotch-Irishman. Not by birth, but by breath, he came to be half Hibernian. None the less a Saxon, he is more of a Celt, and hence a man to be studied and sometimes imitated.

More than six hundred years ago a tournament was held at Haddington, Scotland, and the friars and nuns may have looked from the upper windows of their convents upon the shams of chivalry. Walter Bisset, a proud baron, who piqued himself upon his skill in a tilt, was foiled by Patrick, Earl of Athol. They were more than rivals; an old feud between their families made them bitter foes. Walter was not the man to show himself noble after defeat. He retired surly from the contest.

The Earl Patrick slept, at night, in the hospitium, where he was murdered, and then the building was set on fire to conceal the deed. Even in that fero-

cious age the crime excited an unwonted horror, and suspicion fell upon the Bissets.

"It's William, the chief of them," was the popular rumor, although Walter had been in the tilting match.

"We will kill him," said the friends of Athol, and many nobles pursued William, seized him, and would have torn him in pieces had not the king interfered. Walter was, probably, also arrested.

"I swear to my innocence," pleaded the haughty baron, "and I offer to prove that I was fifty miles away from Haddington when the cowardly deed was done."

"Let us have a jury to hear the proofs," demanded the advocates of justice.

"Nay," replied William; "the heat and malice of men unfit them to be judges. But I offer combat to any one who dares to abide the issue."

No one accepted the challenge. William was eager to clear himself and his brother of all charges. He caused it to be published in the chapels of Scotland that the assassin was excommunicated.

The case came before the king, who thus gave sentence: "I condemn the Bissets, and declare their estates forfeited to the crown. They shall swear upon the Holy Gospel to make a pilgrimage to Palestine, and there remain, and all their days pray for the soul of the murdered earl."

What William did we have not learned. Walter started southward. But instead of seeking Jerusalem, he turned aside to the English court. By artful misrepresentations, he inflamed the passion of Henry Third, and worked up his wrath to so high a pitch that instant war was declared against Scotland. Armies marched and met, looked each other in the face, and soldiers felt as ready to die as to slay, when somebody thought of peace, and nobody was hurt. For peace was made, with love, too, for the English princess was pledged to the Scottish prince.

"But the Bissets are not in the bar-

gain," said the Scots. "Their name shall be blotted out of our land."

Henry Third saw that Palestine was not attractive to these exiles, and he settled them upon the Glinnes in the north of Ireland, as if it were the "Botany Bay" of the time. In the next reign we find that John Bissett "had a great estate in lands there;" and in the next, Hugh Bisset "forfeited part of it by rebellion." Later still, there was a hot contest for these lands in Ulster.

Such exiles found kith and kin in the adventurous Scots, who crossed the narrow channel and pitched upon the wilder isles and coasts of Antrim and Down. Others followed, wiser and better people, we may suppose, until "some thousand Scottish families," from Bute, Arran, and Argyleshire, settled along the north-east shores. The Irish chiefs, according to their humor and interest, sought their friendship, intermarried with them, or made war upon them. But welcome or unwelcome, these Scots of the Isles increased in numbers and power, until it was feared that they might drive the English out of the Pale and the Irish out of the northern provinces.

The Pale, or Pal, was a part of the eastern coast, above and below Dublin, especially given to the English after the Norman conquest. The Irish of that district had been conquered, but yet held a magic power over their conquerors. They had "yielded only to fling over their new masters the subtle spell of the Celtic disposition." They ingeniously began to captivate their captors, and uncivilize those who had brought over the softer manners of Normandy and England. The English residents sank, morally and socially, to the level of the Irish. Their very names and lordly titles melted into wild Hibernianism, so that the De Veres took the name of McSweany, the Fitz-Urses that of McMahan, and the Dubourys became Bourkes, the Geraldines were changed into Desmonds and McShehies. Their grandchildren scarcely differed from the Irish in look

or language, in dress or manners. It was all in vain to pass laws forbidding the "Englishry" to use the Irish speech, copy Irish habits, or intermarry into Irish families. They must break such laws or be hated. The *degeneration*, as the Normans of England called it, went on among the fresher colonists, who were readily swept into the deeps by the tide of Celtic fascination. It is an error to assume that an upward progress is natural to tribes and peoples. Certain savages of our day may be descendants of anciently civilized races, having wandered afar from their fathers' home.

The Scots seem not to have fused so easily. They had not come to conquer and oppress as had the English. They might be intruders, but were not military invaders. They need not disguise themselves to escape being hated, by giving up old names for new; and still severe laws were enacted to prevent them from "mixing" too much with the natives of the soil. It was treason for the Irish to enlist them as soldiers. The Scot who left his fruitless islet to seek wages in Irish fields, during the harvest, might be hanged as a spy. Trade and charity were forbidden. Yet the Irish-Scots had their process of degeneration.

The English of the Pale despised the Scots, and reported every sort of charge against them to the court in London. Chancellor Cusack, who was sent to help "make a quyett Irelande," went northward from Dublin on a tour of inspection, and from his report, dated "Anno 6, Edward VI, May 8, 1552," we quote something curious for its spelling if not for its references to the Scots.

He inspects "the Duffreyn, whereof one John Whight was landlorde, whoe was deceptfully murdered by McRanills Boye his sonne, a Scott; and sithence that murther he keepeth possession of the said landes; by means whereof, he is able nowe to disturbe the next adjoyneing on every side, which shortlye by Godes grace shal be redressed."

"The countrie of Clanneboy is in woodes and bogges, for the greatest part, wherein lyeth Knockfergus, and soe to the Glynnes where the Scotte do inhabitt." Clanneboy, therefore, is in great need of "a good bande of horse-men," to ward off its neighbors. "Next to the Glynnes where the Scotte resorts McQuoillynes countrie is, adjoining by the sea; a countrie of woodes and most part waste, by their own wars and the exacions of the Scotte. . . . When the Scotte doe come, it is harde to staye the comeinge of them, for there be soe many landinge places between the highe land of the Raith-landes and Knockfergus."

He praises the English policy by which "Irishemen be soone brought nowe to obedyence." It was to bestow honors and offices upon the chiefs. "The making of O'Brian earle, made all that countrie obedyent." And so of other districts where earls and barons were made. This plan was to be tried, hopefully, in Ulster, Munster, and Connaught, and so "make all Ireland that the lawe may take the right course." But we shall see how the policy failed in Ulster. Had it not failed the resident Scots might have been expelled, and others prevented from coming, and no more Scotch-Irish as the result.

It causes us to think quite well of the chancellor to read his suggestion to have "preachers appoynted amongst them [the Irish] to tell them their duties towards God and their kinge, that they may knowe what they ought to doe. And as for preaching, we have none, which is our lacke, without which the ignorante cann have noe knowledge, which were very needfull to bee redressed." Even Dublin lacks preachers.

One of the Irish chiefs had agreed to meet him, but "he hearinge of the arryval of certayne Scotte to the Glynnes, refused to come," and went to meet "McConnill," who was reported to have landed with a strong force "to warre upon his next neighbours. . . . I planted in the coun-

trye a bande of horsemen and footmen for defence thereof against the Scotte yf they doe come." There was no false rumor in this "arryval," if the reference be to the following event, so important in the history of Scotch-Irishmen:

Just over in Scotland was a family which had a long memory of the Glinnes, or glens, of the Bissets. In the sixteenth century these lands were claimed by James MacConnell, of the "Macconeyllis kin," and lord of Cantire, a Scottish promontory, which "thrusts itself with such a seeming earnestness towards Ireland as if it would call it over to it." He and his brother, Surley-Boy, or Yellow Charley, were quite ready for a diversion among the Irish.

"We'll just cross over and settle that old affair with the O'Neills," said James, "and, as the heirs of the Bissets, make good our title to the Glinnes. They are ours by right of near three hundred years."

"And lend a helpful hand to the Scots of the Isles," added Surley-Boy, "lest they be mastered by the McGil-lies."

Thus Cantire showed "a seeming earnestness" to cross over into Ireland. Archibald, Earl of Argyle, favored the enterprise of his kinsmen. So three of the MacConnells, at the head of two thousand followers, crossed the strait, only thirteen miles wide, and marched upon the Glinnes. No doubt their eyes shot far ahead into the woods to get sight of the men of O'Neill, who, as Camden tells us, "with great pride and haughtiness kinged it in Ulster." It was his art to draw invaders far into strange places, then turn and corner them in the bogs and glory in his wrath.

"Leauvdarg Abo!" was the wild cry heard by the Cantire men. "The bloody hand! Strike for O'Neill."

"Stand, Scots!" was the order on the other side. "Strike now for MacConnell the true lord of the Glinnes! Campbells! prove worthy of your fame."

No doubt there was much rough striking on that day; but for a MacConnell to measure arms with an O'Neill was a rash business. The Scots were repelled and driven westward. Thinking that the foes of O'Neill might prove their friends, they sought refuge among the O'Donnells, the ruling clan of Tyrconnell, or Donegal.

Thus the MacConnells mingled with the O'Donnells, and became as confused as they are likely to be in the reader's mind, so that O'Connells and MacDonnells are the result.

The Callogh O'Donnell, chief of the clan, wanted a wife, or a queen from his point of view, and the Cantire men had some genius for diplomacy. They named their kinswoman the half-sister of the Earl of Argyle, and called in the histories a countess.

"The Countess of Argyle!" exclaimed O'Donnell, at the moment thinking himself not at all worthy of one so noble, and then assuming that she might not be royal enough for him. Irish chieftains imagined themselves to be kings, whose like was nowhere else to be found.

The Scots pressed the suit. Argyle assented, and gave over his sister to a strange life and destiny. Upon this match were some turns of history.

The countess was an educated lady for that age, and described as "not unlearned in Latin, speaking French and Italian, counted sober, wise, and no less subtle." It seems that her stanch Protestant brother, and Queen Elizabeth of England, had hopes of her influence in advancing the Reformed cause in Ireland. Why might she not throw the shield of power over the Irish-Scots, win them from their popish errors, their crude superstitions, their marauding and cattle-stealing, and maintain among them some earnest preachers of the Gospel? The fact was, she was not fit to be a patron of the reform. Not even would she serve the purpose of Elizabeth, who cared less for pure character than for shrewd management in a political way. If the countess

might be employed to outwit the lawless O'Neill, or deceive the English-hating Scots into quietness, it was as much as the court desired. Her life, so rudely whirled from the path of honor and right, so romantic, eventful, and wretched, proves that her fine talents were held in bondage to her great vices.

The Scots in Ireland were, at least, raised to a more dignified position by her presence among them. They were not to be treated, by the jealous and revengeful chiefs around them, as the very offscouring of the earth—outlaws and renegades, fit subjects on whom to test the strength of an arm, the swiftness of pursuing feet, or the mercies of exultant savageness. They were placed above contempt. They were now a people, a colony, a force in the country, acknowledged to be worthy of winning by the party that needed their votes or their battle-axes. It is a fine thing to be in demand. The managers of English interests now made advances to the MacConnells, whom they had before treated as enemies. They ransacked the late Queen Mary's wardrobe, and made the following: "Memorandum. To send to O'Donnell, with the queen's thanks for service done, and her promise to make him an earl on further merit on his part; the gown and kirtle that were Queen Mary's, with some old habiliments, to be sent to the Countess Argyle, O'Donnell's wife, for a token of favor to her good disposition in religion." Did she then profess to be a Protestant?

There a double game was playing—for the affair was a political game, rather than an earnest religious movement. While the English were seeking to win the countess, and carry over the Scot MacConnells to the Protestant side in the war, the great chief of the O'Neills was seeking to crush the Irish O'Donnells by taking away their countess and her native countrymen.

In another paper we must notice the daring and infamous schemes of Shan O'Neill. It is possible, that his ex-

plots turned a gifted woman away from a path of hope, and prevented the Reformation from appearing among the kinsmen of Argyle, with brightest promise, in Ireland. At an earlier day Protestantism might have taken hold upon the Scots of Ulster. They were not likely to reject what Argyle proposed, especially when it was seconded by his sister, the countess.

MY BIRTHDAY.

BY MARY A. FORD.

HEART-SICK and fainting 'neath my weary burdens,
 Cumbered with many cares,
 I pause at length beside this lonely waymark,
 And view my hoarded tares.

Aye, tares and thistles; and a few bright garlands
 Of flowers and budded leaves;
 A few ripe grains of wheat and golden fruitage,
 Make up my garnered sheaves.

Behind me lie the fragrant fields of childhood—
 Companions false and true;
 Romance, that bound me with enchanting fetters,
 Of roses jemed with dew.

And turning now, I view each humble waymark;
 Each pasture, fair and green;
 Each faithful friendship, and each shattered idol—
 Each grave that lies between.

I do not grieve to-day for bitter struggles;
 For joys long quenched in tears;
 I only mourn my dead—my broken pledges,
 My scars, and wasted years.

Upon my face is stamped a lasting impress
 Where life-long shadows stray,
 While through my raven locks are slowly stealing
 The first few threads of gray.

Though fainting now beneath my tares and thistles,
 Though parched my aching feet,
 Before me lie the fields where I may linger,
 And glean among the wheat.

The purple vineyards, where my hands may gather
 Vintage in noon-tide hours;
 The pathway, leading down life's western hill-side,
 Bordered with autumn flowers.